

THE THREE FRIENDS OF VAUX VILAINE.

AN EPISODE OF THE PRESENT WAR. BY F. M. F. SKENE.

In the month of July of this last fraternal year, there did not exist a more tranquil sunny spot in all France than the little village of Vaux Vilaine. Very rural and primitive it was, and the echoes from the great tumultuous world without came few and faint among the green fields and purple vineyards, where the birds sang so merrily and the summer winds sighed so softly through the rustling trees.

It possessed several substantial farm-houses among its humbler cottages, and a pretty little church, served by an old cure, who, in his broad hat and black soutane, walked breezily in hand from house to house, and was a veritable father and friend. The population was entirely agricultural, and the farmers, who sent their sons to the cure for a few hours' daily teaching, gave them some intellectual advantages above the rest of the jeunesse of Vaux Vilaine.

Among these farmers' sons were three young men about the same age, who were for some years under the good priest's tuition, and who had at that period of their boyhood contracted a friendship for each other, which they had preserved intact through the years that had intervened since then.

Sunday, the 10th of July, 1870, was a glorious summer day, but intensely hot, and when the benediction service, at which the cure generally gave his people a little address, was finally over that evening, these three young men, Martel Lepelletier, Jules Desmarts, and Evariste Rossel, sauntered away to a large tree which stood in a retired part of the churchyard, and threw themselves down under its spreading branches to enjoy the soft evening air, when they conversed together in free and happy confidence.

Now, their talk was of the future; it is not often of anything else with most of us in those hopeful days of youth, when the unknown life is full of golden possibilities, and no shadow from failure or disappointment has dimmed the sunshine which expectant fancy sheds on all that is to come.

"How gloomy the bon pere was in his sermon to-night!" said Martel, a stalwart youth, with blue eyes and curling fair hair, and a bright frank expression of face; he could talk of nothing but the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of preparing ourselves for all sorts of possible trials and troubles. *Mis fol!* I see no uncertainty in it, and I do not anticipate any trials. My fate is settled for me, and I am very well contented with it.

"I should think so, indeed," said Jules, who was tall and slender, with keen dark eyes, and a look of great intelligence and vivacity. "Who would wish anything better than to have that gentle Velette for fiancee, and the prettiest farm in Vaux Vilaine for your home and possession; your father gives his home up to you when you marry, does he not?"

"Yes, he means to retire to my grandfather's old house, and leave me to manage the farm, and you shall see what success I mean to have. I have some famous plans, which will astonish all our old farmers not a little, I expect."

"And your wedding is to be on All Saints' day, is it not?"

"Yes, on the 1st of November, without fail. I was a soldier, and I have a brother who declared she could not possibly, before that date, get ready the fine gown of linen she means to give us for our new ménage."

"In the meantime you see Velette every day, so you are not much to be pitted, *mon ami*."

"No, indeed, nor you either, for the matter of that, Monsieur Jules. I suppose you will be off to your uncle as soon as my marriage is over."

"That I shall! Paris! Paris!" exclaimed Jules, starting up, and taking a flying leap over the nearest grave, as if to get out of the excitement which the very name of the gay capital woke in him. "I promised to dance at your *noce*, Martel, so I will wait for that, but I do not stay here a day after it. My uncle said I might come in November, and he will have the honor of receiving me on the 2d of that month."

"Is it true that he means to make you his heir?"

"So he hints, and he is rich. Ah! delightfully rich; he is a horse-dealer, you know, and he gets guineas without number from the Milors Angles, who come to Paris for their amusement. I shall have horses to ride when ever I please; that is the glorious part of it. I am to take them out for exercise, and I shall take good care they have enough of that, I promise you," and Jules looked at his friends with a roguish smile.

"It is a pleasant prospect, I must say," replied Martel. "Well, the cure had surely no need to talk to us of the trials and miseries of life—unless you have reason to anticipate them, Evariste," he added, turning to the third young man, who had not yet spoken.

long, happy life with Velette, *bien entendu*. It would be pleasant enough to know that one's name would be honored by posterity; but let me take my pleasure out of existence first."

"But, Martel," said Evariste, "it is not in old age, for the most part, that we can make a sacrifice. Life has come to an end by that time anyhow."

"Sacrifice! old age! death!" exclaimed Jules; "why, Evariste, you are worse than the cure, with your gloomy ideas; but happily they are only ideas after all. With all these fine sentiments, *mon ami*, I think I know pretty well what will be your fate—you will be a *bon pere de famille*, like your father before you. Do you think I did not observe Leonie Michen's pretty blue eyes glancing your way all through Benediction, this evening? And you love her, Evariste. You need not deny it."

"I do not wish to deny it," he answered quietly. "I do love her better than my life. Still I think I could give up love, with life, if I were chosen by Heaven to be a hero or a martyr."

"But if you are not so chosen, which does not seem likely in these commonplace times, you will marry Leonie and rock the baby's cradle in due course, will you not?" said Jules, looking at him laughingly.

"I dare say I shall," he answered with a bright smile, "and be thankful enough that I was allowed to be happy in life, instead of glorious in death."

"So! we are all three provided for, in spite of the cure," said Martel, "et pas mal, I must say; and after a little more conversation on indifferent subjects, the three friends separated, and walked away to their different homes."

A few more days—during which the birds still sang among the sunlit trees, and the grapes ripened on the vines, and the inhabitants of Vaux Vilaine went to and fro in happy security and talked of the prospects of the harvest as the most important subject in the world—and then the pastoral quiet of even that most peaceful home was awfully broken by the stunning thunders of the great war news, which all knew to be, in truth, the death-knell of thousands upon thousands of the bravest hearts in France.

Was there a spot in all that fair and pleasant country, however secluded and remote, to which the dreadful tidings failed to bring anguish and terror, even before a shot had been fired or a single life sacrificed? Surely not one; and Vaux Vilaine was no exception, though, for the first two months, the tide of war rolled far away from its green fields and tranquil homes. But there was scarcely a family who had not a relation with the army; and day after day brought tidings which told of beloved faces that would be seen no more—of national disasters, and heroic self-devotion that courted death, but failed to retrieve the terrible disgrace.

Jules, Martel, and Evariste had each a brother in the army, but they themselves, for various reasons, had as yet been held exempt, greatly to their indignation and annoyance; for even the special ties which bound Martel and Evariste to the homes that held Velette and Leonie did not prevent them feeling quite as strongly as Jules did the burning desire to throw their young lives into the balance, and help to turn the scale in favor of their beautiful and unfortunate France, in whose ultimate success and glory they could not cease to believe, in face of the worst reverses.

Still, though there were lamentation and disquiet in Vaux Vilaine, and many a significant notice on the church door asking the faithful, of their charity, to pray for the soul of some brave soldier lying in his last cold sleep on the blood-drenched soil of Woerth or Weissenburg, yet the ordinary life of the villagers went on much as usual; no one prevented them from continuing their accustomed employments; the harvest and vintage were gathered in with a little additional toil because the numbers of the men who remained to accomplish that pleasant task were so much fewer than they had ever been before. And the domestic events in the various families proceeded as they had ever done; children were christened, young maidens given in marriage, and old men peacefully buried, whose last sigh had been for their dear and fair France, so sorely worsted in the gigantic conflict.

A beautiful sunrise it was which brought the light of day to Vaux Vilaine on that fair autumn morning. The heavy dews which had fallen the night before glistened like scattered gems on the grass, and the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, riding up their perfume to the soft, warm breeze. The bleating sheep and cattle, loving in the fields, seemed to call the people to their usual peaceful occupations, and the little church bell, with its silvery tone, gave notice that the cure meant to celebrate an early mass on behalf of their dear *patrie*, so sadly in need of aid from heaven. All things were as they had been many and many a morning before, when the people of Vaux Vilaine rose to carry out the gentle, peaceful life which made so sweet an existence for them; each nature still was doing her part in beauty and beneficence. The skies failed not to shed on all their brightest smile, but there were human passions at war upon earth; and truly the records of this tremendous struggle might well lead one to believe, that if all the demons of hell had been let loose they could hardly have made more terrible havoc in God's fair world.

While yet the peaceful church bell rang, and the sunbeams streaming through the lattice windows of the cottage woke the children in their cradles, there was heard coming, ever nearer and nearer, the heavy tramp of a large body of mounted Uhlans, galloping down upon the village. In a moment more they were swarming, a fierce and merciless crowd, in the main street, and in every lane and alley in the place. A certain number were told off, who dismounted, and entering into all the houses, from end to end of the village, they dragged out every man they could find, and drove them in a mass into the church, where a very different scene was to be enacted from the quiet holy service the good cure had intended to hold.

The women, who would have followed their husbands and brothers, were driven back with blows and curses by the Uhlans, and the church doors were shut upon the whole mass of inhabitants of the village. What would be done to them there? The poor women shrieked and wept, as they asked themselves that question.

Leonie and Velette, united by the anguish of their common suspense and terror, crept, hand in hand, nearer to the church than any of the others dared to go, and hid themselves behind the very tree beneath whose branches the three young men had held their conversation on that bright, peaceful evening, before even the shadow of war had cast its gloom on the earth, and when they were looking forward so gayly to the fulfillment of their various plans of happiness.

Meanwhile, a strange scene was taking place in the church. The cure, already robbed of mass, was thrust rudely aside by the Uhlans, and knelt down in a corner, praying fervently, while the commanding officer of the troop of avengers went and stood on the steps of the altar. There, in a loud ringing voice which was heard over the whole church,

to bring down upon their unprotected village the wrath of the whole vast host who lay encamped so near them. He could see that some of the younger men listened to him with ill-suppressed impatience; but he could do no more, and calling to his son, who was standing near with Jules and Evariste, he made them three enter his house with him, lest they should be less aware by any of the ill-advised proposals which were circulating among the crowd.

Several of the principal inhabitants of Vaux Vilaine, both men and women, followed Lepelletier into his sitting-room, and remained in sorrowful conversation for some time over the disasters of their unhappy country and their own present wrongs. Among them were Velette and Leonie, with their parents; and their presence tended greatly to reconcile Martel and Evariste to the situation to which they were doomed. It was with the hated enemy lying so near to them.

Jules, meanwhile, who was naturally eloquent, was talking eagerly with Lepelletier and some of the gray heads of the village on the remedies which, in his inexperience and self-confidence, he thought might rectify the dreadful state of matters in France.

Suddenly, as they were all thus engaged, and the conversation was waxing more and more excited, there came a sound, clear and ringing, though distant, which caused the voice of the speakers to cease as suddenly as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon them. It was a soft coming from the direction in which the Prussians lay, and followed in quick succession by one or two more, as if from the discharge of a revolver. There was consternation on every face as the sound died away, and for a few minutes no one spoke; and then one of the women hazarded, in a trembling voice, the remark that perhaps one of the *maudits Prussiens* had killed some of their people while the other women cried out in horror at the idea, Lepelletier shook his head and answered gloomily:

"If only it be nothing worse than what you fear. But I doubt there is that in the sound we have heard which may cause our whole village to be burned over our heads. Stop!" he exclaimed, as Jules and one or two others sprang to the door with the intention of ascertaining what had happened—"Stay where you are, one and all, I charge you. Let not a man from Vaux Vilaine be seen near the spot where that shot was fired, if you would have any one of us left alive by this time to-morrow!"

Suppressed shrieks from the women followed these words as the young men drew back from the door. Velette threw herself into Martel's arms, and Leonie lifted up her blue eyes, swimming in tears, to Evariste, and became suddenly awed and tranquilized by the peculiar expression of his face. His soft hazel eyes, wide open, appeared to be looking far away into scenes unperceived by others, and his lips were parted with a calm, sweet smile, which seemed full of hidden meaning. All attention, she felt, was misplaced in the presence of such a man; as Evariste wore, yet Leonie trembled with some dark, mysterious foreboding, even as she gazed, and wished with all her heart that he would look less beautiful and noble, and more like the joyous, light-hearted *fiancee* with whom she hoped to pass all the years of her earthly life.

For an hour or so the persons assembled at Farmer Lepelletier's remained talking together, the women in tears, the men sullen and disquieted; and then in groups of two or three they crept away silently to their homes.

Before day broke over Vaux Vilaine next morning it was known throughout the village—none could have told how—that the Prussian Colonel had been shot dead by an unseen foe as he rode round the outposts the evening before, and it was whispered cautiously that two of the hottest spirits among the young men of Vaux Vilaine were missing from their homes.

From the moment that this was known, but one thought filled the anxious minds of every inhabitant of that once happy village—what vengeance in blood or fire would the Prussians require for this ill-advised and cruel deed? They were not long left in suspense.

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he announced the tribute of blood which the clemency, as he expressed it, of his superiors would alone exact for the murder of the colonel.

They would not burn down the village, as would have been but just, nor would they put the inhabitants to the sword, richly as they deserved it, but they would be satisfied with the lives of three men out of those now assembled in the church, who must be executed instantly, before the troops resumed their conquering march through France—not an hour's delay could be accorded. The officer added that the choice of the victims might be made by lot, and among themselves, but it must be done then and there, without loss of time. As he concluded, he held up his watch before them.

"In ten minutes," he said, "your choice must be made; if you delay longer than that, I choose for myself, and I shall take the first three on whom I happen to lay my hands, and have them shot at once."

It was but too plain there was no appeal, and that it would be only wasting the precious moments to attempt it. Lepelletier, with some of the older men, began in silence, and with trembling hands, to prepare the lots with the three fatal numbers, which would be drawn by the men on whom the doom of death should fall.

But, suddenly, there was a movement in the crowd, and a young man came forward with a light, active step, and, laying his hand on Lepelletier's arm, to prevent him continuing his dreadful task, he made a sign that he wished to speak. There was silence over the whole church in an instant, and all eyes were turned on Evariste Rossel, familiar as his features were to most of them, they looked on him now as though they had never seen him before, so completely was his thoughtful face transfigured by the pure heroic resolution that shone in his soft eyes and thrilled in his clear young voice, as he spoke with the utmost simplicity, words death-laden to himself.

"*Mes amis*," he said, and every individual in the sad assembly heard him distinctly, "if we cast lots for the victims of the enemy, it may be that the doom will fall on fathers of families who would leave widows and orphans to mourn them not only in sorrow, but in poverty and destitution. It is not well, therefore, that such as they are should be taken from the homes they support and protect, while there are others who have not, as yet at least, formed ties so close and binding. Of my *fiancee* will find many a worthy man to seek her love, and I offer myself freely to die that the husbands and fathers may be spared. I am sure that there are others, situated as I am, who will no less willingly give their lives to make up the number."

Evariste carefully avoided looking at Jules and Martel as he spoke, for he would not seem to summon them, but they needed no other call save his bright example. Instantly they started forward and ranged themselves at his side.

"One too, give ourselves freely to the death," they exclaimed; "the number is complete."

Lepelletier had been on the point of remonstrating with Evariste, because he could not bear the thought of that young life quenched in blood; but when he saw that Martel, his own son, was among the offered victims, the words died on his lips, and he turned his face to the wall, groaning in un-speakable anguish. He felt, Brutus-like, he could not ask that a father to a family should die to spare his own wedded soft. No tidings was given him, however, to struggle with his heart. The Prussian officer held up his watch, exclaiming that the ten minutes were expired—he must have three men instantly for execution.

"We are here, we are ready!" said the three friends, coming forward with firm step and dauntless look.

"On moment only!" exclaimed Evariste, and taking his two companions by the hand, he drew them down on their knees before the cure, saying, "Father, absolve us; bless us in this supreme moment!"

The good man, appalled and bewildered, turned towards them his eyes streaming with tears. He seemed so much overwhelmed to know almost what he was doing; but, upheld by the habit of priestly functions, he murmured the form of absolution, made the sign of the cross, and blessed them in the three-fold name of Him before whom they were about to appear.

They thanked him, adding, "*Adieu, mon pere*," and rose from their knees. Instantly the Uhlans surrounded them, bound their hands, and hurried them to the door. One moment those gathered in the church saw their shadows darken the threshold as they passed out into the dazzling sunshine, and the next instant they were gone, to be seen of men no more forever. Then, with a simultaneous impulse, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, and as the cure, turning to the altar, intoned the "*De Profundis*," the wailing voices joined in the funeral chant with one deep, heart-wrung cry that rose in mournful appeal to the listening heaven.

Meanwhile, across the sunlit church-yard, the doomed men were hurried by bowing executioners; but their terrible march had a momentary interruption. Suddenly, from beneath the spreading branches of the tree which the victims knew so well, the graceful figure of a young girl bounded forth, as if her feet were winged; and Leonie, flinging herself on the breast of her *fiancee*, exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "*Evariste, que, est-ce ton *faux de toi!**"

"*Adieu, mon ange!*" was his only answer; but the instinct of her woman's heart told her all the dreadful truth. She flung up her hands with a bitter cry, and, as his bound arms could not hold her, she sunk at his feet as if she had herself already sustained the death-blow he was about to meet. Velette, who had followed her, was clinging to Martel, uttering shriek on shriek.

"Remove these women," exclaimed the commanding officer, with angry impatience, and the soldiers instantly tore Velette from Martel's arms, while others lifted up the senseless form of Leonie, and both were roughly flung aside upon the church-yard grass, and the captives hurried on without another moment's delay. Then indeed did the bitterness of death pass into the hearts of Martel and Evariste, while Jules, turning to them with a pathetic smile, said softly—

"I may well be thankful that I have no *fiancee!*"

Yes, truly, that hour had come to them, as come it will to all of us, when those are happiest who have fewest earthly blessings, and whose best treasures are garnered in that realm where all that has been brave and sweet and good, like the self-devotion of those three young men, will have a place throughout the eternal ages, among the imperishable things of God.

There was an open field just below the church-yard wall, which had been the favorite playground of Evariste and his companions through all their happy boyhood. There were they taken by the soldiers, and placed

with their eyes bandaged, facing the sun they were never to see again.

A few minutes more, and through the wall of the *De Profundis*, rising and falling amid the sob of men grown weak as women in their anguish of pity, there went the sharp, ringing report of the volley which told that the sacrifice was consummated, and that if the brief earthly life of the noble young men was over, on the roll of the glorious army of martyrs their names would live forever more.

The story we have told is no fiction. It is but a few weeks since the village of Vaux Vilaine witnessed the execution of the three friends, who, lest the lot should fall on the fathers of families, volunteered to satisfy the blood-claim of the Prussians for the death of their Colonel. We have given this little record of their fate, not to harrow the feelings of our readers by the mere recital of a tragedy, but to afford them another instance of that glorious springing of good out of evil, which has been the deathless consolation of the human race since the first man woke to the mystery of suffering.

Amid the horror and anguish and aching helpless compassion with which this dreadful war has filled the world, such deeds rise up full of sweetness and refreshment, like the fragrance of flowers which only give forth their richest perfume when they have been crushed and beaten down under the foot of the destroyer.—*Temple Bar.*

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No. 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035